

EXCURSIONS



SPECIAL EXCURSIONS.

TEXAS STATE FAIR—DALLAS, TEXAS
October 15th to 30th. Final return limit November 2nd. \$21.65 round trip

NEW MEXICO STATE FAIR—ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.
October 9th to 16th. Final return limit October 18th. \$18.15 round trip.

SAN DIEGO-SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION.
Tickets on sale daily until November 30th. Final return limit December 31st. \$48.30 round trip.

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CHAPTER II. The Last Wagon.

WILLOCK believed now the wagon that Henry had been in, and here they were more numerous. Had no savage eye discerned that wagon during the Indian August day?

It was a disquieting fancy. Willock told himself that had such been the case his wagon would not still show its own person. For all that, he was eager to be gone. Instead of eating in the wagon he wrapped up some food in a broad cloth placed this with a few other articles in a tarpaulin, and then he stepped out, leaving the other to go at will. This, then, was the mother of that child whose arm had lain in warm confidence about his neck. On hands and knees Willock crept to the other mattress and lifted the margin of the large white cloth.

His hand moved stealthily, slowly. Catching sight of something that faintly gleamed at the collar of the dress, he hesitated. His determination to examine the countenance was as firm as ever, but his impulse to put it off as long as possible was even stronger. He bent down to look closer at the ornament. It was a round breastpin of onyx and pearl set in a heavy rim of gold. The warm wind, tempered by approaching night to a grateful balminess, stirred the cloth between his fingers. He stared as if lost in profound meditation. That pin resembled one his mother used to wear, and somehow the soothing touch of the wind reminded him of her hand on his forehead. He might have gone back home if she had not died long ago.

He searched the wagon for a spade. It was found in the box fastened to the end of the wagon, and with the spade in the gathering darkness he dug a grave near the mountain side. When the sand was smoothed over the place he carried thither quantities of heavy stones and broken blocks of granite to preserve the body from wild beasts.

It was dark when the heap of stones had been arranged in the form of a low pyramid; but, though he had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, he lingered beside the grave, his head bent as if still struggling with those unwanted memories of the long ago. At last, as if forced by a mysterious power against which he could no longer resist, he sank upon his knees. "O God," he prayed aloud, "take care of the little girl!"

He waited, but no more words would come.

It came over him with disconcerting suddenness that he had lost a great deal of time and that every moment spent in the covered wagon was fraught with imminent danger. It was not to his mind that the hand of highwaymen might discover his hiding place. Knowing them as he did, he was sure they would not come so far from their haunts or from the Santa Fe trail in pursuit of him. But the

12 ACQUITTED OF OROZCO KILLING.

Trial of Sheriff and Eleven Citizens Ends Quickly at Van Horn, Tex.

Van Horn, Texas, Oct. 8.—The 12 men under indictment for the Pascual Orozco killing, were tried here today and were acquitted. The trial consumed all morning. John Morine, sheriff of this county, and W. A. Shrock, deputy sheriff, of El Paso county, testified. The evidence developed the same facts as heretofore printed when the inquest was had.

After the trial, Judge Jackson ordered that all the property, that is the guns, 1500 rounds of ammunition, horses, money and other personal effects of the deceased men, be turned over to the widows, heirs or legal representatives of the men killed. All the guns, pistols, and ammunition were produced in court and offered in evidence at the trial.

The men who were indicted Thursday and tried today were: John A. Morine, sheriff of Culberson county; Joel Finlay, A. B. Medley, Dave Allison, George Love, Bob Love, B. N. Love, Prince Love, Pete Wetzel, H. A. Carnes, Will Shrock and J. W. Millard.

The World's Longest Sentence.
"It says here that the longest sentence in the English language contains 140 words," said the old fogey.

"That's wrong," replied the grinch. "The longest sentence contains only one word."

"What is that?" asked the old fogey. "Life," replied the grinch.—Kansas City Star

Sarcastic.
A pompous looking lawyer once chartered a hansom cab, and on reaching his destination he only gave his driver the shilling required by law.

The driver looked at the coin and bit his lip. Then in the most courteous manner he said: "Do step in again, sir. I could ha' driv ye a yard or two farther for this 'ere."—London Fun.

bottom they widened perceptibly. His first act on setting foot to the stone floor was to open the tarpaulin, draw forth a candle and a box of matches and strike a light. The chamber of granite in which he stood was indeed narrow, but full of interest and romance. The floor was about the same width in all its length, wide enough for Willock, tall as he was, to stretch across the passage. It extended perhaps a hundred feet into the heart of the rock, showing the same smooth walls on either side. The ceiling, however, was varied, as the outward examination had promised. Overhead the stars were seen at ease through the two feet of space at the top, but as he carried his candle forward this opening decreased, to be succeeded presently by a roof, at first of jumbled stones crushed together by outward weight, then of a smooth red surface extending to the end.

The floor was the same everywhere save at its extremities. At the point of Willock's descent it dipped away in a narrow line that would not have admitted a man's body. At the other end, where he now stood, it suddenly gave way to empty space. It came to an end so abruptly that there was no means of discovering how deep was the narrow abyss beyond. Possibly it descended a sheer 300 feet, the depth of the ridge at that place. On the smooth floor which melted to nothingness with such sinister and startling suddenness, the candlelight revealed the skeleton of a man lying at the margin of the unknown depths. Mingled with the bones that had fallen apart with the passing of centuries was a drawn sword of blackened hilt and rusted blade—a sword of old Spanish make—and in the dust of a rotted purse lay a small heap of gold coins of strange design.

"Well, pard," said Brick Willock grimly, "you come here first and much obliged to you. You've told me two things—that once in here no getting out—unless you bring along your ladder, and what's better still, nobody has been here since you come, or that wouldn't be my money! And now having told me all you got to say, my cavalier, I guess we'd better part." He raked the bones into a heap and dashed them into the black gulf. He did not hear them when they struck bottom, and the sinister silence gave him an odd thrill. He shook his head. "If I ever get out of bed here," he said, "me and you will spend the rest of the time together, pardner."

He did not linger for idle speculation, but drew himself up his dangling rope and in a short time was once more outside the place of refuge. Always on the lookout for possible watchers he stretched his head and neck and after he had looked over the outer ridge and down the rugged side toward the canyon. Here he lifted a box with candles and provisions and a side of bacon, and on top of this he secured a sack of flour. It made a heavy burden, but his long sleep had restored him to his normal strength and he could not be sure but that this trip to the wagon would be his last. A little more difficulty he hoisted the box to his shoulder, and then, standing a while and on an ax in his disengaged hand, gazed upward to his asylum.

On another trip he brought a mattress, blankets and dishes. Then he was beginning to feel the weariness of the morning return, and the load that cleaned out the wagon left him so exhausted that he fell down on the ground beside the crevice, having thrown in his booty. Here, with his gun at his side and a pistol in his hand, he fell fast asleep.

He lay there like a man of stone until some inner consciousness began beating at the door of his senses, warning him that in so great time the moon would rise. He started up in a state of dazed bewilderment, staring at the solemn stars, the vague outlines of giant rocks about him and the dim blue sea of darkness that flowed away from the mountain top indicating, but not defining, the surrounding prairie.

"Get up from here!" Willock commanded himself. He obeyed rather stiffly, but when he was on his feet, as in hand, he made the trip to the wagon nimble enough. As he drew near he saw gray shadows slipping away. They were wolves. He shouted at them disdainfully and without pause began removing the canvas from over the wagon. When that was done his terrible blows resolved the wagon bed to separated boards, somewhat splintered, but practically intact. By means of the wrench he removed the wheels and separated the parts of the wagon frame. Always, when he had obtained enough for a load, he made that toilsome journey to his retreat. He took the four wheels at one time, rolling them one by one, lifting them singly from ledge to ledge.

When he awoke a bar of sunshine which at first he mistook for an outcropping of Spanish gold gleamed against the granite wall of his mountain top retreat. He rose in leisurely fashion. Henceforth there would be plenty of time, years of it, running to waste with useless days. After eating and partaking sparingly of the brackish water of the keg he united together two long sideboards of the dismembered wagon, and having secured the end to end he fastened in parallel series to the surface short sticks as steps to his ladder. This device he made a rope ladder. The ladder of boards was for use in leaving the cave. The rope ladder, which he fastened to the side under some overhanging rock, could be used to make the descent.

Fastening the rope ladder about his waist, he scaled the boards and on reaching the top cast them down. First he looked at all about, but no living creature was in sight. "This is just to my hand," he said aloud, seeking a

would terminate, and his home in the crevice would escape investigation, but if there was no dugout to satisfy curiosity the crevice would most probably be explored.

Transporting the timbers across a mile of ridges and granite troughs was no light work, and when his tools and material were in the cave the digging of the dugout was protracted because of the closeness of water to the surface. At last he succeeded in excavating the cellar at a spot within a few yards of the mountain. He leveled down the walls till he had a chamber about twelve feet square. Over this he placed the wagon tongue, converting it into the ridgepole, which he set upon forks cut from the nearby cedars. Having trimmed branches of the trees in the grove, he laid them as close together as possible, slanting from the ridgepole to the ground, and over these laid the cedar branches. This substantial roof he next covered with dirt, heaping it up till no glimpse of wood was visible under the hard packed dome.

Of the side boards he fashioned a rude frame, then a door to stand in it. After into grooves that it might be raised and held in place without being fastened. Later he strode forth from the only exit of the cave and gazed at the sunken wall of the ridge, looking for game. It was late in the afternoon when he returned. He descended the dirt steps and set the door to one side. Willock, at first understanding why, he became instantly aware that some one had been there during his absence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CARLSBAD PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(On account of receiving the honor roll at a late hour and the lack of space, it was impossible to run it last week.)

Pupils neither absent nor tardy for the month ending October 1, 1915:

FIRST GRADE.—Bernice Adkins, Mary Bartlett, Robert Bell, Charles Butcher, Pauline Campbell, Dick Campbell, Lyndall Cudd, Dorothy Gillard, Josephine Fessler, Dorothy Flowers, Worth Galbart, Cecile Gordon, Edith Herring, Clifford Hiler, Francis Horne Ruth House, Delbert Hubbard, Dorothy Merchant, Katie Pope, Hirschel McCullough, Lucile Morris, Jean Smith, Zane Smith, Garrett Thomas, Agnes Thorne, Hobart Wright, John Zimmerman, Billie Zimmerman.

SECOND GRADE.—Winifred Adkins, Lucille Bell, Laura Bell, John Clark, Sibyl Campbell, Kenneth Davis, Foster Frances Joy, Toan Gabbert, Brantley Hamblin, Hazel Hamilton, Ira Klutts, Lillian Kierstead, Fattie Love, Wardie Lock, Mary McDaniel, Louise Moore, Max Rake, Mary Shanson, W. C. Shanson, William Shanson, Artie Mae Shaw, Wesley W. Shaw.

THIRD GRADE.—Gladys Barrett, Nellie Chisler, Anna Christensen, Edna Carver, Katherine Fisher, Leonard Gier, Marion House, William Norman, Roy Peterson, Alice Walker, James White, William White, Ward, Ava Ward, Ward, George Ward, John Ward, Albert Fisher, Tal Farwell, Martin Hubbard, Sam Love, Jay B. Love, Lester Nelson, Preston Oliver, Roy Peterson, Bessie Pipkin, Herbert Spence, and O'Cheley, James Wallace.

FOURTH GRADE.—Sylvester Bell, James Collins, Russell Crawford, Carl Gordon, William Howe, Willis Moore, William Madgett, Robert Ohmman, Carl Shropshire, Harold Toffelmire, Wallace Vest, Gerald Carder, Wilford Rohmer, Richard T. Thorne, Nina Crowder, Juanita Cudd, Eunice Herring, Mildred Rackley, Alma Simpson, Sue Glessey, Evelyn Weaver, Hazel Anderson, Grace Bearup, Bonnie Bell, Pearl Butcher, Henrietta Dilley, Dorothy Dudley, Mariam Fuller, Muriel Fuller, Bernice Smith, Mary Thayer, Corinne Weldon, Lewis Worsell.

FIFTH GRADE.—John Armstrong, Thelma Beckett, Chester Byatt, Eleanor Flowers, Lyman Hyatt, Fred Raley, Mildred Spauldick, Mitchell Stetson, Harry Steinbaugh, Stanley Blocker, Edward Crozier, Glenwood Jackson, Johnnie Kiercher, John Lewis, Jr., Paul Redmon, George Thomas, Ida Pearl Morris, Adele Ohmman, Lucile Pond, Christine Peterson, Grace Whithead, Elizabeth Whithead, Frances Eiter, Goldie Grubbs, Elsie Kiercher, Ethel Pipkin, Martha Williams, Christine Walterscheid, Ruth Worsell.

SIXTH GRADE.—Vern Winzenread, Letcher Whitehead, Elmo Warren, William Wheeler, Dudley Wessery, Dabriel Pate, Izora Pate, Catherine Purdy, Lois Little, Ruth Farrel, Donald Dudley, Clyde Duncan, Connie Chiloat, Clemmie Chiloat, August Boeglin, Claude Brown.

SEVENTH GRADE.—Myra Albert, Stuart Armstrong, Lee Bloxon, Laura Breeding, Fancher Bell, Luther Bell, Clarence Collins, Chas. C. Eaker, Edna Hercoz, Anna Hudburgh, Gladys Jones, Maggie Kiercher, Otto Matheson, Jewelle Moore, Lester Nelson, Emil Riley, Wayne Riley, Frank Smith, Edward Walterscheid, Edwin West, Mary Lee Pond.

EIGHTH GRADE.—Ova Butcher, Marian Witt, Fred Winzenread, Hattie Smith, Mildred Pate.

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PRESIDENT FORMALLY APPROVES PAN-AMERICAN PLAN TO RECOGNIZE CARRANZA.

Diplomatic Representatives of Latin American Republics Receive Instructions to Follow Lead of United States in Dealing With Mexico.

European Governments Expected to Follow in Line Upon Receiving Assurances of Protection of Lives and Properties of Their Nationals.

Washington, Oct. 11.—President Wilson today gave formal sanction to the plan of the Pan-American conference to extend recognition to the Carranza government in Mexico.

Diplomatic representatives here of several South American governments received instructions to take the same action as the United States. Similar word is expected within a few days from the governments of all the other American republics. The time of recognition will be fixed then.

European governments, it is understood, will follow the lead of the United States, and the other American republics. Great Britain and France, it is known, have indicated that this would be their policy, and it is believed here Germany and Italy will do likewise, both having maintained an accredited agent to General Carranza for some time.

Correspondence that passed between Elbio Arredondo, Carranza's representative here, and Secretary Lansing and members of the Pan-American conference, relative to the protection of foreigners, amnesty, treatment of clergy and Carranza's pledge to restore constitutional government, became public tonight. It reveals that Secretary Lansing asked particularly of Mr. Arredondo concerning the attitude of the Carranza government toward the clergy. The Arredondo reply, dated October 8, says:

"Complying with your excellency's request asking me what is the attitude of the constitutional government in regard to the Catholic church in Mexico, I have the honor to say that inasmuch as the reestablishment of peace within order and law is the purpose of the government of Mr. Carranza to the end that all the inhabitants of Mexico, without exception, whether nationals or foreigners, may equally enjoy the benefits of true justice and hence take it as their duty in co-operating to the support of the government, the laws of reform, which guarantee the free of the freedom of worship according to everyone's conscience, shall be strictly observed.

"Therefore, the constitutional government will respect rights, life, property and religious beliefs without other limitation than the preservation of public order and the observance of instructions in accordance with the laws in force, and the constitution of the republic.

Guaymas, Mexico, Oct. 10.—(By wireless to San Diego, Cal., Oct. 11.)—A military train arrived today with four pieces of artillery, two machine guns, and about 1,000 Villa troops. Advises from Topolobampo report the arrival there of the Carranza steamer Roanoke (11) with 200 Carranza troops aboard. The arrival of the steamer Guerrero was momentarily expected.

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